

## VIBRATION.

## Example of Its Wonderful Power and Penetration.

The wonderful force of vibration is recognized in all its power by few architects and builders. It would amuse them if they were told that the most solidly built of their walls would be injured by the continuous scraping of a bow across a violin. Of course it would take years of playing to loosen masonry and render iron brittle, but there are facts on record which show that such a result has occurred. On a first class battleship a man may feel the vibrations of a violin though he may not be able to hear the music. It is the regularity of the vibrations which tells. The player is not affected by them, for he is a flexible object and can give way to motion.

Every one knows that a squad of soldiers or any body of marching men break step in crossing a bridge, no matter what its size and strength may be, for none could withstand the vibrations of this concerted action. Even the tread of a dog may make a bridge shake because of the regularity of the vibration, so that on many of the big suspension bridges dogs are not allowed unless carried in the arms of their owners.

A good illustration of the power of vibration can be found in the Greenwich Observatory. It stands on the top of a hill on whose slopes hundreds of children play on fine evenings. Their favorite play is to join hands at the top and dash headlong to the bottom, where they fall in a heap. This starts the vibration of the hill to such an extent that the scientists of the observatory are unable to carry on their observations, which depend upon the motionless state of a tray of mercury. The solid hill is in such a state of tremor that the vibrations continue till long past midnight, when the children who have caused it have been asleep for hours.

A still more wonderful illustration of vibration is in the human throat. Sixty vibrations per second is the least number by means of which a sound can be produced. This is a sound never used in speaking, but is found in men's voices in an extremely low register. The highest sound produced by the human voice—that is, in althasino—is caused by 1,024 vibrations per second. This, too, is exceptional, being only obtainable in the highly cultivated female or boy voices.

It is simply the vocal chords which vibrate, not the throat. In the lower notes the whole length and thickness of the vocal chords are used, the thin edges being employed for the highest ones. Thus in speaking for a minute or two there is sufficient vibration engendered in the throat, were its walls of a solid nature instead of soft and flexible, to shatter and destroy it. Every minute we speak the vocal chords vibrate from 20,000 to 40,000 times.

—New York Herald.

**Women's Love of Ugly Men.** The illustrious men in history who were distinguished as much for the fascination which they exercised over the fair sex as for their talents and ability were, as a rule, plain and insignificant in appearance. Julius Caesar was a very ill favored man, and yet when a mere stripling, before his fame in Rome, girls of his own age sighed for him and mature women longed for his love. Among the men of later times who were renowned in like manner were Sir Philip Sidney, plain almost to ugliness; Paul Scarron, the comic poet, a complete Voltaire, quite ugly; and Beaumarchais, whose manners were awkward at his best, was plain, while John Wilkes who had the power to subjugate any woman who spoke to him for even five minutes, was admitted by his own showing to be the ugliest man in England in his time.

**Steam Engine.** The steam engine goes back to Hero of Alexandria, in the third century B. C. Branca, an Italian, in 1293, made an engine which blew steam against vanes and thus made a wheel spin. The first actual steam engine was made by Captain Savery, an Englishman, to whom, in 1698, a patent was granted for a steam engine to raise water. In 1705 Thomas Newcomen made a vacuum steam engine. But the steam engine of today, which has wrought such a tremendous evolution in industry and society, was the invention of the Englishman James Watt, and the first patent bears date of June 5, 1769.—Scrapbook.

**His Fiance.** A West Philadelphia family was at supper one night, talking about the engagement of one of the daughters, whose wedding was soon to be. The negro servant, who acted as waitress, laundry, etc., had just brought into the dining room the dessert, when one of the girls asked, "Virginia, have you seen Edith's fiance?" "Laws! I doan know, honey," she replied. "He ain't been in de wash yet!"

**His Cramp.** "I have been suffering much of late," he said, "with writer's cramp." And, smiling weakly, he tightened his belt two holes.

"Here is where it usually takes me," he explained, patting his concave stomach.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**On the Safe Side.** Student—Then how much does the suit come to for cash? Tailor—Fifty marks. Student—And tailor for by installments? Tailor—A hundred marks—only in that case you will have to pay half down.—From the German.

Where necessity ends, curiosity begins, and no sooner are we supplied with everything that nature can demand than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.—Johnson.

## BIRD AND BEAST.

## Battle Between a Hawk and a Big Black Dog Mink.

Silent as an owl in the black of night, the hawk glided low on whilst wings across the little open space cleared by the fallen maple, paused an almost imperceptible instant above the unlistening squirrel, and then, wings closed, dropped upon him with unerring talons. But for some strange reason the harrier seemed powerless to bear away his kill; while his angry, frightened screams drowned out the dying squeak of the squirrel, he strove with great rattling wing strokes to get purchase on the air, but could not. Over and over again he struck downward with his beak, apparently at the squirrel, though of this, because of the blur of his whipping wings, I could not be sure. In a moment he half toppled forward, and then, like a huge broken winged partridge, he flopped about among the tangled coils of roots, uttering meanwhile shrill screech on screech that seemed fairly to lacerate his throat. In but little more than it takes to tell it a dozen kingbirds had gathered, and were buzzing round the struggling harrier like gaddles round a horse, adding their spiteful cries to his harsh din; now a crow appeared out of nowhere and seared deep in his throat for his hoarsest cry; blue jays dashed across the clearing and back again in a frenzy of clamorous excitement; a swarm of chattering blackbirds rushed into the tree above me till its branches sagged and creaked like those of a laboring tree over-weighted with fruit—all in instant bedlam was let loose round that old wind-wrecked maple.

Under cover of the uproar I crept nearer and saw that a big black dog mink, his bulldog jaws clamped on the upper leg of the harrier, was grimly fighting to pull him down from behind, while the harrier, with the speed of terror and hate, sought desperately to reach his assailant with his beak. It looked as if the mink must win, for the harrier was perceptibly weakening in his vain counter attack; but a sudden lift with the harrier's long wings half tore the mink from his hold and swung him for one brief moment within distance of that rending beak. Rip; a big red gash gaped open on the mink's writhing flank, and he let go and tumbled back among the roots. Up leaped the hawk, his pearly white breast streaked, and blotched with blood from his wounded leg. Like magic the cries of all but the kingbirds were hushed, while still screaming with rage and hurt, the hawk rose heavily skyward and marked his course athwart the wind for the shelter of the woods.—Harold S. Denning in Harper's Magazine.

**Persian Dramas.** A traveler, speaking of some of the oddities of Persian customs when viewed with occidental eyes, said:

"Depending as we do upon illusion and scenic effects in our theaters, the presentation of a Persian play by native performers strikes the westerner as little short of ridiculous, the extreme solemnity of all concerned making the appeal to hilarity all the stronger. In one of their favorite miracle plays the prophet is supposed to ascend to heaven, and this dramatic incident is accomplished by the very simple expedient of drawing him up from the stage and out of sight with a block and tackle. The tackle is attached to his belt by an attendant in plain view of the audience. So strong, however, is the imaginative power in the oriental that many of the onlookers will be observed weeping openly."—Harper's Weekly.

**The Gardener.** It is at once the joy and the despair of a gardener that his work is never done. His materials are growing, changing, ever varying things. This is an endless delight to a man who lives with his garden and watches his plans grow up. When he makes a garden for another it is a different matter. Then, after spending his best thought and skill, the garden must be turned over into the hands of the Philistine, who, may, doubtless will, spoil his color effects, make gaudy what before was rich, introduce tawdry display where before was a sensitive delicacy. These are the things that try men's souls and will continue to try them until the owners of large places acquire some degree of sympathy with and understanding of art.—Century.

**China's View of Art.** A lover of rare old china had a collection that was the envy of his visitors. One day a little girl came with her mother for a call, and, being seated in the living room, wonderingly eyed the array of antique dishes. The hostess was much pleased at the child's evident admiration of her treasures and said, "Well, my dear, what do you think of my china?" The child looked up, and pity was in her eyes as she asked, "Hasn't you got any pantry?"

**Not Matched.** "Mustache cups?" said the salesman. "Yes, sir. Here's a pretty design. Cup and saucer \$1.98."

"But," said Mr. Nurich, "that ain't the saucer that goes with it."

"Oh, yes."

"Not much it ain't. There ain't no mustache guard on it"—Philadelphia Press.

**Notice of Settlement.** "Monks!" said the duelist's second, "it is ready. Let me shake your hand."

"Voila!" exclaimed the duelist, with chattering teeth. "Can you not see eat eat shake too much as eat eat?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

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## NOTICE.

In the matter of the Report of the Commissioners of Adjustment of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex. Report No. 1, dated March 1, 1906, in which it is found that the owners of two lots of land in Block No. 20, Frederick Fischer, one of the owners of lot No. 20, Block 1, Sheet No. 4, and William C. Ward, his son, and his wife, and as executors of Israel C. Ward, deceased, holders of a mortgage against lot No. 17, Block 1, in the assessment maps of the town of Bloomfield.

You are hereby notified of the making of the order by the Essex County Circuit Court on the twenty-first day of April, nineteen hundred and six, in cause No. 10, Block 1, Sheet No. 20, in which it is ordered and directed, that the owners of the said lots, and the persons holding the same, do show cause before the court on the third day of April, nineteen hundred and six, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why the same should not be sold at public auction, free and clear from any estate in it, upon the same, to raise and pay the taxes charged and assessed with the said disturbance, and to pay the same.

That the amount of taxes, assessments and water rates due on said lot No. 20, Block 1, in the assessment maps of the town of Bloomfield, in the year nineteen hundred and six, is \$200.00.

The amount of taxes, assessments and water rates due on said lot No. 17, Block 1, in the assessment maps of the town of Bloomfield, in the year nineteen hundred and six, is \$202.25, with interest and costs.

That on the third day of April, nineteen hundred and six, the said court made an order in cause No. 10, Block 1, Sheet No. 20, in the City of Newark, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause before the court on the third day of April, nineteen hundred and six, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why the same should not be sold at public auction, free and clear from any estate in it, upon the same, to raise and pay the taxes charged and assessed with the said disturbance, and to pay the same.

Dated Bloomfield, N. J., April 11, 1906.

CHARLES HETZEL, ATTORNEY FOR THE COMMISSIONERS OF ADJUSTMENT OF THE TOWN OF BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

## NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

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"Oh, yes."

"Not much it ain't. There ain't no mustache guard on it"—Philadelphia Press.

**Notice of Settlement.**

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, the executors of the last will and testament of Moses F. Sigler, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on the twenty-first day of May next.

Dated April 6, 1906.

GILBERT G. COOPER.

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